



DON'T

Handle Your Candle-Lighted Christmas Trees Recklessly

HERE are a few warnings that all Christmas celebrants will do well to observe:

Use electric lights instead of candles wherever possible.

Never leave the children alone with lighted candles.

Remove the curtains when candles are used in windows.

Use asbestos fiber instead of cotton to represent snow.

Use metallic tinsel and not paper on your trees.

Fasten your tree securely, so it will not tip over.

Remove the tree from the house when the needles become dry.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

In the stillness of the midnight,
In the silence of the Star,
On the hillside, near and far,
Came the Christ Child to his mother;
To the humble oxen's stall;
He, the Babe of Paradise, sweet;
Lord of Christmas, King of all.

Hush, let not a word be spoken
Of his sacrifice for men,
Stooping from his world of glory,
To be woman-born; a pen
Of sweet straw to be his cradle,
He is ours, just ours, today,
Mark that mortal smile, that shining
Of the halo in the hay!

While the palm trees rustle softly,
While his lullaby, the breeze,
Croons amid the angels' anthem
Which the star-lit heaven cleaves,
We will claim him ours, our treasure,
Christmas Babe, and Babe divine,
Hail, thrice hail, O mystic stranger,
Nestling in thy straw-filled shrine.
—Helen Chase, in Brooklyn Eagle.

Remember that he who receives sparingly is oftentimes compensated by enjoying doubly.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

By REV. RALPH CURTIS JONES.



OUR Father, we are grateful to thee on this Christmas day for all the good things in life, thankful for the lowly birth in Bethlehem, for all of which we commemorate this day. May all Christendom unite in a mighty force to stop this ungodly European conflict, and say as the heavenly host sang, "Peace on earth, good will toward men," for we are sad indeed, at the thought of thy children who today are killing each other in the terrible war that is being waged. In pity forgive them. Oh, Heavenly Father, bring them and their rulers to a full realization of the sinfulness of war—that those who have caused it may cry to thee for peace. May they get a glimpse of the cross in its full meaning, and profit by the sacrifice made by thy Son for the world's redemption.

Our Father, may the world become Christianized from all other religions and philosophies, not merely in name, but in the spirit of true Christian brotherhood. Oh Lord, let us all who fail to appreciate this great gift which thou gavest to the world be so conscience-stricken that they will at once cease from their ingratitude, and irreverence and depart from the error of their ways. May they become advocates of the Loving Master, who, as the perfect man, said to all mankind, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."

Dear Father, we rejoice with thee for the hearts that Christmas will make glad, for the little children to whom Christmas brings so much joy. Also we pray thee for those bereft of loved ones on Christmas day to whom this season brings painful remembrance. Console all that mourn the loss of loved ones. Comfort us, O Lord, with a heavenly vision and prepare us to meet them in the holy city. Give grace to the dying, cheer to the sick and lonely, encourage the unfortunate and disheartened. Take all bitterness and hatred from our hearts and plant within us a true brotherhood. Give food to the hungry and raiment to the poorly clad. Help us all to find thee as our Brother and Friend, our Comforter and Savior, and the giver of life everlasting. We ask it all in thy holy name. AMEN.

How Dolls Kept the Night Before Christmas



CHRISTMAS eve had come and the long, busy day was over at last. The toys were not sorry, for they were quite tired out with the bustle and noise, though they had enjoyed the company of the crowds of children, who had been about all day. But you see even engines and trains, energetic though they are, like to stop a minute after they run down; jumping jacks want to catch their breath between jumps and dogs that bark and sheep that bleat and lions that roar enjoy little spaces of silence just like other folks.

But every one of them had done his best stunt over and over all day and now, in quiet and darkness, they could go to sleep—all but the dolls, who had been left standing bolt upright and who couldn't shut their eyes in consequence. So they stood up without a wink and used the night to think and think, when—

"Mamma, mamma," came from somewhere! Had some child been left in the toy shop by mistake and locked in? "Mamma, mamma, mamma." The sound was familiar, when the toys waked up enough to use their minds. They had heard that squeaking call all day.

"Dear me, child," exclaimed the big doll from Paris—the doll with the beautiful face and delicate nerves, who stands right behind the "mamma doll." "Stop that crying! Take off that placard!" (You've seen the sign on dolls, "I can say 'Mamma.'") Fauchon was cross indeed, but wasn't she beautiful! You see her in the picture at the left of Charlie Chaplin. She is in street dress with mole-colored corduroy coat and hat of the same material with pink velvet facing. She has real lace at her wrists and ermine furs.

"Maybe it is time for 'first aid' to hurt feelings," thought the boy scout who stood near, so he said, "Never mind that French lady; she doesn't know what it is to be afraid of the dark. You'll find 'mamma' in the morning," and the boy scout who was covered with "merit badges" turned back to his particular charge. You see, he had picked up an Indian papoose as he came through the wood, and there she hung in her funny bark cradle on his arm—little Owaisa, the bluebird.

Meanwhile Emil and Katrina Krusen, who didn't understand English very well, kept to themselves and spoke in German. They were, many people thought, the prettiest dolls in the shop. (You should have seen the Parisian shrug her aristocratic shoulders, when she overheard that remark!) That was because the first member of the Krusen family was made by an artist who wanted her own little girl's doll to look like a real child. So she painted the face in what painters call "flesh tints," and saw to it that there was a pleasant expression on it. Katrina looks troubled in the picture, but that is because she is a little homesick for the kind of Christmas they have in Germany. She says, "Ach! Emil! I want to be in the little house where the Christmas tree stands in the window. It has all its candles lighted tonight and the shade is pulled back. I want to sing carols and go to church tomorrow morning, and have goose for dinner and play games."

"When is a doll not a doll," broke in the Jester, over at the left, who never would let anybody be sad if he could help it. "When it's a doldrum!" "Or a dolphin," squeaked the Campbell Kid; "Or a dollar," put in Daddy Long-legs, who was standing in the background.

"Cheap wit," remarked the college girl dressed in rose and gray in honor of Vassar, who stood behind the clown. "When it's dolicho podiae or dolomite. These," she explained grandly, "mean insects or stones, speaking in popular language, such as you can understand."

"Hello, are you ready?" It was the voice of the photographer. "I've come for your pictures. Look pleasant now!"

And they did. And so did Santa Claus, who had been listening all the time in the background.—Chicago Daily News.



Mine shloeking vos filled mit pretty toys. Cause I vos von of de goot leedle boys. Undt I hope, you too, haf many choys

Faith Hope and Charity—Personified

by Maud Bernard



"IT WAS kind of him at least to send a special messenger. Up to this time the only sympathy I have experienced has shone in the eyes of the postman, and this silent solicitude on his part is getting on my nerves. I am glad he failed to witness this final disappointment. I mean final too, for I am determined to devote my efforts to some other line from now on. Still I don't see why he should have ruined my Christmas. It seems to me since he held my manuscript for six weeks, he could have given it desk room for another day, thus permitting me to live up to my name today of all days."

After this outburst, Mae Hope, a would-be song writer, sank into a chair, thrust a bulky envelope from the Frank Charity Music Publishers into her desk, and sat hopelessly gazing at the small epistle from the same office and with a slight touch of humor and a faint suggestion of a smile, recited the contents of that letter—not through the envelope, which she had not opened, but from memory:

"Sorry, Miss Hope, that this is not yet quite up to the standard, but sincerely trust you will not be discouraged, etc., etc."

For three years Miss Hope had been receiving these distressing notes from the genial young publisher, who could not summon the courage to advise her to give up. Perhaps he realized it was merely a case of humoring an imaginary talent rather than attempting to earn a living as the young lady's income was sufficient to keep her alive without setting fire to the universe by flashing on the public her picture serving as a cover over some sentimental verses accompanied by music.

It was the morning of the last day of the third unsuccessful year. Mae Hope was interrupted at breakfast by the sound of the door bell.

"A lady to see you, Miss Hope," spoke the maid.

The name on the card seemed to add insult to injury.

"Mrs. Frank Charity." I never knew he was married. Maybe it is someone else. Probably somebody knows I need charity. Tell her I will be down immediately."

One glance at her visitor assured Miss Hope it was no stranger, but an old school friend.

"Violet Faith! You? The card reads Mrs. Charity."

"Why, Mae, you seem surprised." "How should I know you were married?"

"Violet, stealing a glance at the disorderly desk, remarked tartly: 'Perhaps it would be a good idea to read your letters if you want to keep up with the parade.'"

"You don't mean," picking up the bulky envelope from the Frank Charity Music Publishing company, "that this is a letter from you. It looks for all the world like manuscript."

"Manuscript, indeed! It is the story of my life written on my wedding day, and I am delighted to find it unopened a whole week later. I thought it was wonderfully thrilling, and to say the least, interesting to an old friend. I spent so much time composing it, I am sure you will be fully enlightened if you read it instead of looking at me in blank amazement and making it impossible to express myself."

Miss Hope, after seeing her guest comfortably seated, delved into the

depths of the secret, but not before she had said by way of apology:

"A week, my dear, is a very short time to be ignored with a suspicious looking envelope of this kind," and this remark was thoroughly appreciated by Violet Faith Charity.

"My dear," said Violet, "It all happened because I attended services on Christmas eve, but to begin at the time when I last saw you, the one day I most distinctly recall was the day I met Frank. He was on the stage, and believing him to be a regular actor, I dared not mention him to Aunt Agnes. For years I suffered the annoyance of entertaining her choice acquaintances and met with her disapproval for my utter indifference. You can imagine my relief when the second appearance of Frank in our little city showed him in the light of a chautauqua singer—consequently eligible to admittance to the best circles. He sang some of your compositions, won my aunt, took his bride, and here I am. Suppose you take a glance at the other envelope that came by the same messenger."

Mae, speechlessly, laid down the "story of my life" and fingered the small envelope, which held another surprise; silently reached for her letter opener, and inside of another minute a check for \$1,000 fell into her lap.

When she could pull herself together sufficiently she read the little note accompanying:

"Dear Miss Hope—I sang your songs at Edgewood, and they made the hit we have both been waiting for. I won a bride and you win the cash. Merry Christmas."

"It seems, Violet, the same man has made us both happy. He has given you the hero you prayed for, and has helped



"It Seems, Violet, the Same Man Has Made Us Both Happy."

me to a coveted career, and the only reason he did not make us both happy on Christmas day is that you took the proper step—lived up to your name, Faith, and went to church to have your prayer answered, while I chose the pessimistic mood, and when happiness fell into my lap I threw it aside and lost Hope in the face of Charity."

During this resolution season a good many people are likely to start things that they can't finish.



"Do you like the prize you won at the card club?" "Not at all. It's a... I don't care... for a C..."

